

# Something Darker, Frozen Inside

by DinoRhino

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Summary: There is a boy in the ice. The year is 2040, and researchers have uncovered a strange Viking, frozen in a glacier. But there is more to the boy. He seems to be almost- alive. And when disaster strikes, head of researches daughter Merida is dragged deeper into the boy's past than she ever could've hoped. Will romance blossom? Or will something darker come to light? (Mericcup,Jelsa)

## 1. A hiccup in the ice

**\*\*Hello! And welcome to this crazy story idea! I hope this isn't too confusing... and I hope you enjoy reading this baloney! If you do, that is. I'm still pretty new at this, so no hate please :-)\*\***

**\*\* Fergus is the narrator of this bit, but won't be for the rest... so yep!\*\***

**\*\*Prologue\*\***

**\*\*Fergus P.O.V\*\***

There is a boy in the ice.

He must be about my daughter's age. His arms lay wide apart, as if he's falling, but his chin is tilted as though he's looking upwards. Each strand of hair is held in crystalized motion. His eyes are closed. He is so pale. So fragile.

We haven't found anything like this before.

"Boys?" I say. " Get that Viking out. And be \_careful. \_DON'T damage it."

My crew stop staring and pull on their gloves. Grease down their grins. They realize now that a billion pound artefact is in their clumsy hands.

I can't believe \_I \_found \_this.\_

I can send my daughter to private school. My sons to an expensive nursery. I can move away from \_here, \_stop working, stop living wherever I \_can\_ get work.

"What is it, boss?" The youngest worker asks. She isn't trusted yet.

"A Viking boy." I look a little harder. " Of good blood. See his chin? That scar isn't infected." I nod, convinced, " Good blood indeed."

The worker scrunches up her face. "Is it dead?"

I stare at her. " Yes. Of course."

"It looksâ€¦ alive. Can that happen?"

I roll my eyes. " Astrid. That Viking boy is as dead as the rest of his kind. Now, stop asking questions and get me a cup of coffee."

She gives me an eyebrow. " I want to see it come out the ice, Sir."

I give her an eyebrow. " More than you want to see another day employed? Now \_go\_."

She places a hand on a slender hip. Apparently, she was dropped out of school for being too violent. I'm not entirely sure how she ended up on my archeology team. I mean, violence and handling precious artefacts? Not the greatest mix. Now that I think about it, she must be the same age as Merida, too.

Finally, she goes. I let out a sigh of relief. Teenage girls have never been my specialty.

"SIR!"

They've started cutting the ice. Sparks fly off the saws as they hack into the cube. Weak sun sprays onto the clear, icy surface. I stuff both hands in my pocket, as I look at the boy even closer. A line of thin freckles crosses on his nose, and his lips are slightly open, like he's preparing to say something. What was he going to say, all those hundreds of years ago?

He's dressed in black armour, ready for battle, no doubt. It's strangeâ€¦ Astrid was right. He does look strangely alive. I could almost believe he's just swimming, paused for a moment as he is about to rise for breath. Not trapped in ice.

\_Shhsz- \_I hadn't noticed how close they were to sawing him out. A thinner cube begins to emerge, the boy immersed in it's center. I breath. This is the important bit.

Slowly, they claw him from the berg. Before long, they've attached ropes, and the boy gradually is taken forwards. In a graceful movement, the cube eventually swings out, and crashes onto the snow below. One by one, the team gather round. Relieved. Awed.

Mystified.

This is better than that mammoth, than the dinosaur bones, than, wellâ€¦ anything. It's perfectly preserved. And it's so beautifully dramatic.

"What are we going to do now, Sir?" Ruffnut breathes. She's actually called Gwen, but we named her as soon as she came. She has a \_ruff \_way with the chopping.

"Now," I say, " We call a museum, or something." Because I don't actually \_know. \_We've never been this successful in a find before. I don't think anyone has.

And that's when I notice it. The strange way the ice curves \_inside. \_Flecks of different colours race to its middle. Gold, peach, ivory, even aquamarine. Light swells to the block, and the young man. Everything shines, glows, as if the sun itself wants to delve into our discovery.

"Oh my god." A voice says from behind.

Astrid.

"What?" I ask.

Her cheeks are flushed, and a white haze is shredding her eyes. The coffee is clutched tightly in her mittened hands. She stares, wide eyed, at the boy.

"What?" I repeat, " What?"

She gulps in a heavy breath. Her hands go slack around the mug. The china falls, smashing on the floor. Shards fly\_. \_You can hardly tell shattered cup from snow.

"Hiccup." She gulps. "He's here. He's back."

"\_Astrid." \_I say firmly, "Hiccups are not \_he's. \_They're \_things.\_And no one has any hiccups."

She pays no attention, her face changing from shocked to elated. A smooth, calm, motherly elated that I've never seen in her before.

She walks towards the ice, transfixed. Each step lands on broken shards. The world crackles beneath her.

She presses her hand on the surface. Tilts her head downwards. Breaths.

"Hiccup." She whispers. "You're \_alive.\_"

**\*\*Yep! Done! I know this isn't great :-( But this is just the start! Right? \*\***

**\*\*If you like this, please follow, fav, review, I don't mind! If you DON'T like it, then follow, fav, review just to be patronising. I don't really mind! :-D \*\***

**\*\*Thanks for reading this baloney...\*\***

**\*\*DinoRhino x\*\***

## 2. Returning Home

**\*\*Hellooo! So, you've read the first chapterâ€¦| congrats on making it this far! In this chapter, it's Merida's turn. I guess you could skip this chapter if you're just here for the romance or the drama. I'll put a summary at the end! \*\***

**\*\*Soâ€¦| here we goâ€¦|\*\***

**\*\*Merida's P.O.V\*\***

Dad's car rolls into the driveway slowly. The window is rolled down, so I can see his face watching us as he parks. His red hair is tussled round his chin, a beanie sitting on his head. My heart swells with love. I hadn't realized how much I'd missed him. It was only a couple of months.

Mum bites her cheeks from grinning. She did her hair specially this morning, so that it falls loosely around her ears. Her cheeks are tinted for more reason than one.

I yank open the door, heart skipping. He's \_home\_! It feels like he's been away so much longer. Instead of pulling me and my family closer, the continuous articles, videos and reports on my father just shoved us further apart. The more there was, the more distance created. My dad became less personal. Someone on the BBC\* , the news. Someone who was famous, beyond his daughter and his wife.

But he's home now, and that's all that matters.

With one swipe of his huge hands, he pulls me and Mum close, so close that I can feel his meaty breath wash over my skull.

"I missed you," Mum whispers.

"I missed you, too." He replies.

I don't say anything. Nothing needs to be said, the way I see it.

"Where are the boys?" Dad asks.

Mum draws back, shrugging. "Nursery." She says. With a slight pause, she asks- " And where is our million dollar Viking?"

\_Viking.\_I'm beginning to hate the boy in the ice. Or all he represents, at least. He takes away my father. He drags me from my friends, drops me into hellish schools and leaves me there. They haven't figured out his name yet, but they're starting to grasp his tribe.

\_The Hairy Hooligans.\_

"Will Astrid be coming over?" I ask. Me and Dad's workers have never gotten on, but Astrid seems ok. When the weather's right, we take our

canoe's out on the rivers and estuaries. But I haven't seen her for a long time.

"She's still suffering from migraines." He admits. " She's still hospitalized. I could fly you out to see her if you want."

"Fly?" I ask. " Where is she?"

"Still in Antarctica. They've decided to keep her there until her condition improves."

"I'm fine." I say. I've always hated hospitals. Enclosed spaces never worked with me. And the idea of flying, just to see a friend for a few hours? Stupid. Idiotic. A waste. "Definitely fine."

He ruffles my hair. " I know you are. And I feel so bad, leaving you here. I need to chat with Mum, but I was wondering whether you'd like to join me and Mr Ice on the first museum tour around Australia."

My eyes widen. \_Australia?\_

Mum frowns. "Yes, Fergus, you'll talk to me first. When are you intending to take this tour?"

"Half Term." He says, still grinning.

"\_This \_half term?" I ask, open-mouthed. School finishes in three days.

"Yep." He shrugs, " How about it, Lassie?"

Mum places a hand on her hip. " And what am I meant to do? What jobs will Merida need? How much will her ticket cost? How much will I need to pack? Have you planned \_at all, \_Fergus?"

Dad averts his eyes to the hallway wall and stuffs both hands in his pockets. "Ummmâ€¦"

She huffs\_. \_It's so typical, that I begin to wonder how I even considered I could go to Australia in the first place. Of course Dad hasn't planned this through. Of course Mum is worried about silly little things. I mean, jobs? Seriously? As if I'm any more likely to get a common cold over there than here.

"I think it's a great idea." I say, purposely catching Mum's eye. She glares down at me.

"Come inside," She snaps. " Else we'll all catch our deaths out here."

Dad sneaks me a wink as we head on inside. I just hope it means he's thought of something.

Tour. Australia. Boy in the ice.

\_Viking.\_

\*\*OMG. If you just read that, I'm sorry. Checking it through was like wading through treacle. But, such chapters need to be done. Just setting the scene (Rubs hands and smiles). \*\*

**\*\*Summary:** Fergus get's home. Merida's been sent to a private school, and Fergus asks if she wants to go on tour with him and The Frozen Viking (Wonder who that could be?). The tour is only three day's away, so Eleanor's not happy. And it's in Australia. **\*\***

**\*\*Thanks** for reading this far! I really appreciate it! Please leave reviews, every one is like a Christmas present (No joke)! PM me if your confused about anything or have any questions. Favs and Follows are also **HUGELY** celebrated (With a mince pie and a pat on the back)**\*\***

**\*\*DinoRhino x\*\***

**\*\*P.S-** The BBC? For anyone that isn't British, it's basically our news channel. Go BBC! :-)**\*\***

### 3. Freezing cold crush

**\_\*\*Hello!** As some of you might know, this chapter went a little coo coo. But I've found the text again, so here it is! A non weird code version! Thanks :-D**\*\*\_**

"Elsa? Is everything alright?"

"Mmhummm."

I raise an eyebrow. " Everything?"

She bites her lip. " No."

"No?" I ask.

She sinks her teeth into an apple, and then scowls. " Sour." She sighs. With a casual flick of her wrist, she chucks it away. The core lands close to the garbage, but not close enough. If Punzie were here, she might rant about global warming. I might, too, as a joke. But it seems hardly appropriate.

"Elsaâ€¦" I moan.

"Is everything alright with YOU, Merida?" She snaps, jerking her head to the side. "Should I be the one asking?"

We stare at each other. Her hair is done up in a plait, high on her scalp. It looks neat along with her tight fitting blazer and pale skin. Since I've moved here, I've only really made one friend. And this one friend comes in the form of glamorous and beautiful, Elsa Seasons.

Of course, I know other people. Elsa's sister Anna, who finds art boring but DT incredible. MK, who adores biology. Rapunzel, who keeps chameleons and horses in the same place, even though I'm pretty sure the RSPCA don't know about it. Sure, I know people.

But I only really know Elsa. And I have a feeling she only really knows me.

Her eyes are weathered and drawn. Her smile is the wrong way up. I

raise an eyebrow. She sighs angrily and crosses her arms.

"Come on," I urge, "What's the matter?"

Finally, she relents. "You see over there?" She whispers, pointing a finger down to the football pitch. The grass used to be short and organized- now, it's a bloody pulp of mud and cast aside blazers and socks. When there is no sun, it's so dusty and dry that all the grass dies. On days like today, when the weather is almost perfect, it's moist and hard to run on. The spikes do most the work, chopping up the field. The football seems amazingly small, like a jewel, hidden among a maze of sweaty bodies. Kick! It sails high into the sky, then drops to the ground with a thud. They're back at it again. Even the greatest friends become enemies at are school if they're on separate teams for PE. Why would Elsa point to the football team? All I see areâ€| oh god. Is this talk going to be about-

"Boys?" I say cautiously. "What about them?"

"You see the one with white hair? That's Jack Frost."

"WHAT?" I snort.

She looks startled. "WHAT what?"

"His NAME?" I feel a laugh rise in my throat.

"What about his NAME?" she glowers.

>It's comingâ€|<p>

"HAAAAHAAAAHAAAA!"

"Merida!" she elbows me in the stomach, "STOP! Stop, they're looking!"

"Jack Frostâ€|" I giggle, "His parents must hate him or something!"

I roll onto my back and stare at the sun. Grass tickles my cheek, and a cloud passes over the sky. Jack Frost!

Elsa blocks my view. "Mer, come on. I haven't finished my story."

She hauls me back up, and continues.

"Well, Jack really likes Geography too."

"GEOGRAPHY?"

"You know. The type I like? We sit next to each other. He's SUPER nice. And he's really artistic." She blushes. "And kinda hot, don't you think? Come on, he's cheeky."

"No comment," I say, "So what? You and him geography buddies?"

"Something like that."

"Sooooâ€|..?"

She rolls her eyes. " So I need you to help me."  
>"Help you? How?"<p>

She pouts her lips. "He has this friend, see? Wee something or other-  
He's from Scotland too, you'd like him and-"

"No."

"No?"

>"No double dating, no set ups, nothing. Elsa, I'm going to Australia  
tomorrow."<br>"What?"

I breathe in. Deep. " Viking. Tour. Dad. Me. Together. He told me  
last night"

She smacks her hand into her face. "Now what?"

"HEYYYYYYY!"

We both turn around. Anna and Rapunzel plonk down onto the grass next  
to us.

"Hey." I say.

"So," Anna leans forward, " What's ze gossip?"

"No gossip."

>"No?" Punzie says. "Then why ze whispering? Can either of you speak  
French?"<p>

Elsa grips Anna's wrists. " French? Is that \_today?"\_

"Oui!"

"You said it was next week!"

"Nine! Anna lied!"

"Nine?"

Rapunzel smiles. " I take German."

I shake my head. " What test?"

"The one in French?" Anna gulps.

"But I take German. Is there a German test?"

"Only the one on weather. You know those words."

\_Bang. Bang. Ice squeezing. \_

\_ "\_\_\_HELP!" \_

\_ "\_\_\_HICCUP!" \_

\_ "\_\_\_HELP! Someone, HELP!" \_

"Merida! Is she ok?"



"Do you think we should call Flynn over for mouth to mouth resuscitation?"

"No! He may be my ex, but he's not\_ kissing \_her!"

And suddenly, a freezing cold blast zaps through my body, like a bitter wind when you rise from the sea. Spluttering, I open my eyes, expecting to see doctors or nurses or at least my head teacher- but instead, only darkening clouds, and Elsa, her hands resting on my chest. She is staring at her fingers in surprise.

"How'd you do that?"

"What?"

"Wake Mer up! She was having a fit or somethin'! "

"Yeah, Elsa." I say, recovering. My head spins. My mouth feels as if it is ready to retch with vomit. But what she just did- it felt so realâ€¦| "What did you do?"

Elsa's face clouds with confusion. She stares at her palms for a moment, and then looks at me.

"Text me. I'll pay for credit."

And that's it. She's gone.

â€¦|..

We do indeed have a German test.

And I know nothing.

The words mix themselves up, finding ways to swap letters and stretch themselves out so 'apple' is a about twice as long, with as many syllables as dodecahedron.

I am not very good at German.

I can't concentrate. I keep thinking back to \_that- \_who wouldn't? And whose Hiccup? Do I know him? I can't. If I found Jack Frost hilarious, god knows what I'd do to a boy named Hiccup. Astrid would find it just as funny as me.

Astrid. Where is she? I asked Dad if I could see her eventually, but she was apparently off limits, clashing with his earlier comment. Things have gotten worse. Coma's, seizures- looks like I'll be canoeing alone for a while.

And Elsa. My last worry. How \_did \_she wake me? And how did those clouds come so quick? Why did she run off? What did I feel inside me- that \_thump \_of freezing air?

I slip my phone out from under the table. \_Elsa. \_I text, \_Ask Punzie to go on a double date with you. She can go with Flynn, you Jack. Sound good? Oh, and what's banana in German\_?

"Merida!"

I put the phone away. I smile innocently, but underneath I feel anything but. This all began that day when my father pulled the Viking out of the ice. And I intend to find out why.

**\*\*And there we go! So lots of questions and lots of confusion! Follow, favourite, review! THANK YOU FOR READING THIS BALONEY!\*\***

**\*\*DinoRhino x\*\***

#### 4. The calm before the storm

"Jumper?"

>"Check. Why'd I need a jumper in-"<br>"Shh. Goggles- check?"

>"Yeah- but we're not going snork-"<p>

"Knickers? Jeans?"

"Check, check."

"Phone? Headphones? Music? DVD'S? Books?"

"Mum, I'm \_packed\_."

She pinches my cheeks. " Oh darling, I know you are. Now go say goodbye to the boys."

I drag the suitcase out of the room, leaving it for Dad to take in the hallway. The boys are playing in the garden, rocking up and down wildly on a broken swing set.

"Higher!" Hubert screams.

"HIGHER!" Harris yells.

"BOYS!" I holler.

They all turn. Even Hamish, although he is swinging insanely high as he stares. Everything goes quiet, just like it used to be before the councilor helped them talk.

"I just want to sayâ€|" I begin, " YOU LOT ARE RUBBISH AT SWINGING!"

"Better than you!"

"Yeah! We can touch the tree leaves!"

"I think I broke my ankle."

"Ach, you can't touch 'em leaves! Show me."

Hamish begins to swing again. Slowly, then faster and faster and faster till my neck aches from watching him. Faster, like the beat of a dragon's wings, or the smash of dropped ice, or the scream of a child's nightmare or the swirl of a wedding dress or the smack of a boy falling from the sky, splattering onto the ground and breaking

like glass-

Suddenly, I cry out.

"Merida?" Harris whispers.

"GO away!"

\_Witches and dragons and dresses and smiles and axe's and ice and Hiccup-\_

"Merida? Dad wants you."

\_Falling and screaming and dropping and yelling and falling my heart falling forever over and over and over- Viking\_.

I gulp in a huge breath of air. The world focuses again. Sharp colors are pinned to the spot. The garden stops running and dripping and spilling.

Hiccup.

I heard the name like it was shouted in my ears.

"Merida? We're going, lass. You coming?"

"COMING!" I turn to the boys. " Don't tell \_anyone\_."

"About you spacing out?" Hamish makes a face and starts dancing round me. " Merida's gone crazy! Merida's gone crazy!"

I smile, even with the sick feeling in my stomach. " No one, ok? Love you boys."

"Love you too." They grumble. I plant a kiss on top of each head.

"MERIDA!"

"Bye!"

"Bye!"

I leave them waving. I leave them smiling. I hope the boys have forgotten.

What's going on with me? Am I crazy? Why do I keep hearing things? Seeing things?

Maybe. Maybe I am.

But it's half term. What does it matter if you're crazy or not?

\*\*Yay! I know what's going on now \*phew\* but I'm sorta struggling with how to make the next bit sound realistic, so sorry for taking so long! :,-( \*\*

\*\*This chapter kinda stinks. And it's kinda short. Sorry again. But, if you want to, please leave a review, good or bad! I would love to

hear what you think! Thanks also to anyone following, or starring!  
:-D Thanks thanks thanks thanks! \*\*

\*\*DinoRhino x :-DDDDD\*\*

\*\*P.S- I've also just realised there are about three zillion Fics called Frozen Heart/Frozen Hearts. I NEED to rename this! I know this isn't very far in and there isn't much to go by, but anyone have any ideas? Leave them in the reviews if you do! Or PM me! :-DDD\*\*

## 5. Falling from Cloud 9

\*\*Ok! Hello. So I've had some people say this chapter was a bit murky :- ( So I redid it. It's now slightly shorter, but hopefully a bit clearer. Thanks to Waveringshadow for reviewing, as well as InkHeartStains (Dat Chemisty homework! Jeez!) \*\*

\*\*Hope this is a bit better. Sorry if i disappoint, and I HAVE done the next chapter-just trying to make it... better. \*\*

I hand the lady my passport. She scowls.

"What's this?" She snaps.

"My photo." I say.

"Photo, huh. I'm pretty sure your hair is meant to be behind your ears." She shows me the passport. My hair is anything but tucked away.

"It's definitely me." I say, " I would know."

"Well, yeah." She says. " I can see that. Sir? Please get your daughter to take these photo's seriously."

"Huh?"

She lets on a fragile grin.

"On you go."

The airport is bustling with people, like a bee hive ready to burst. Shops line the edge of the building. A silver lining. Chocolate shops, magazine shops, coffee shops, handbag shops, shops filled with useless junk that old people love to buy. The air is hot and humid, filled with buzzes and shouts and clatters. A child bustles past me, running to catch up with his mother.

We don't have to wait for long to board the plane. A ten minute wait on those metal seats leaves my bum aching, though. Dad shakes my shoulder and leads me down to the final checkpoint. Then, we're out the doors. A blast of cold air rumbles past me, and I roll my sleeves down so they're covering my hands.

The sky is peachy and pale as we walk over to the plane. In the far distance, golden clouds rest on the horizon. The ruffled, yet beautiful messiness of the display reminds me of what my bed looks like in the morning. The way the duvet is carving and curling over itself two hundred times. A glittering, yellow quilt, covering the

city and fields.

"Kind of beautiful, huh?" Dad says.

\_BEEEEPPP\_

"Who is it?"

I dig my fingers into my bag. My phone vibrates fiercely.

"Elsa." I say. I slide my finger along the accept button.

"Mer, Jack accepted! We're going out! Tonight!"

"Congrats."

"You don't get it. I've got the perfect outfit. PERFECT. This is going to be great. Oh my God, I'm so ridiculously EXCITED!"

"Great! But, hey, um, Elsa, I've been meaning to ask you. How did you help me a few days ago?"

The line goes quiet. "El?"

"Merida, I'll speak to you later. Punzie's here. See you." She hangs up.

I stare at the phone for a few seconds. "Everything alright?" Dad asks.

"Just peachy." I say. But as I do, the sky goes from that very gorgeous pink to a sullen grey. The cold I felt earlier becomes sharper and harder, more painful than refreshing. A droplet of rain smashes onto the ground.

And then, it's hailing.

"How?" I begin.

Dad shrugs. "Weather's all higgledy piggeldy. Just ignore it. Let's go on tour!"

We speed walk to the stairs that lead up to the plane's door. I can't help but marvel at the dramatic change in weather. It's not \_natural\_. \_It doesn't make \_sense.\_

The flight attendant smiles as she shows us to our cabin. She wears a tight fitting red blazer, and her dark hair is done up in a twisting, shining knot. The plane itself is luxurious, but all I can do is watch the window. More hail. A wind picks up it's pace.

"Can I get you anything?" She asks. I almost don't hear her, as I descend into my seat.

"Huh?"

"Can I get you anything?" She repeats.

"Champagne?" I say drily.

Her grin falterers.

"Ummâ€| "

"She'll have water- the alcohol's for me."

Her smile returns, and she straightens her shoulders and struts off.

My gaze returns to the window. It feels like, if I turn my head away, the storm will rage out of control. I can't take my eyes of the sudden gale. How is this possible?

"You ok?"

"Yeah." I say. I'm just being stupid. Things like this happen all the time. Weather is crazy like this.

I dig my fingers into my bag, pushing away the unnerving vision of the rain. " Time for a book."

"What is it?"

I show him.

"The Time Machine?" He asks, incredulous. "H.G Wells?"

I nod.

"What's it about?"

I raise an eyebrow. " It's about a time machine, Dad. I know that's hard to guess."

He smiles. " Ok. Have a nice time reading."

I don't. I'm asleep before the attendant returns.

\_She smiles, extending her hand.\_

\_But the ice is blocking her way.\_

\_No death.\_

\_No life.\_

\_Is this living?\_

\_I don't go, but I don't come.\_

\_I don't breathe, but I don't exhale.\_

\_I don't run, but I don't collapse.\_

\_I love, but now, no one will know. And if no one knows, what is the point?\_

\_I try one last time to live. I tilt my head upwards, gasping for one last breath. I reach my hands up, desperate to pull myself up for air.\_

\_But I cannot, and the world turns from white to black.\_

I wake with a start. \_Breathe.\_ BREATHE! What was happening? Quick gasps for air. My chest squeezes tightly. The dream. The \_dream.\_ You know how some dream's stick, and other's are just washed away the second you open your eyes?

This is the not the latter.

What does it mean? Was I dying? It felt so realâ€¦ But it made no sense. I guess most dreams don't.

"Ah, yer awake!" Dad says, " Just in time for the food!"

"I don't want any airplane foodâ€¦" I mumble.

"But this is GOOD airplane food! First class airplane food!"

"Stillâ€¦" I yawn, " Airplane food."

Dad smiles and scuffles my hair. " I got you some anyway."

He hands me a chocolate bar.

"I like this type of airplane foodâ€¦"

As I bite into my bar, there's a bang on the side of the plane. I swing violently to the side, clattering into Dad.

"Merida!"

My arm explodes with pain; it was banged into the armrest. There's a slight cut- a trickle of blood whispering down my arm.

"I'm fine. Really."

He takes a deep breath. "What was that?" He asks a random guy in the seat behind.

There's a beep from overhead.

A voice begins to speak, but it doesn't fit the words. The voice matches with Mini Cheddars and plush toys and bright holidays.

"Please fasten your seat belts. We have orders for an emergency landing. There is an upcoming storm that we have not predicted. Do not worry. You are safe. In the case of unruly landing, do not plan to retrieve your items. This may engager your life. Thank you."

"What?"

There's another huge crash on the side of the plane. I gasp as the whole plane ducks to the side.

"Merida, stay here. Don't move."

I sit rigidly. I suddenly realize how much I \_hate \_flying. Horse Riding? Any day.

And the people get out of their seats. Dad shouts. Flight attendants yell.

There's another beep, but this one's from down below. With a quivering hand, I reach into my bag.

There is a text from Elsa.

\_Jack kissed Rapunzel. I AM GOING TO MURDER HER! OMG, you have no idea, I am seriously PISSED off right now. I can't even- who does that? He was MY date! AGHHH! Wish you were here. Wish Rapunzel was not. \_

\_El x\_

I stare at the ending. She normally leaves two kisses. Then I almost laugh at myself- I'm worried about the number of kisses my best friend leaves? When I'm in a plane, in the middle of a storm?

"The Viking! What about my Viking?"

\_Viking. \_A slim boy appears under my eyelids.

\_Hiccup. Hiccup the Viking. \_

"Will someone PLEASE tell me where the hell my Viking is?"

"Sir, your artifact is travelling by boat. Do not be alarmed."

"Boat? How's that bloody safer?"

"Sir, get into your seat. Please."

There is another bang on the side of the plane. Wind whistles through the windows, and the lights go off. When the plane begins to duck, I open my mouth to scream, but only a rasping squeak comes out.

"Help." I whisper.

It's like I'm on the swings, with the boys, and I've swung too high, fallen off the front, catapulting through the thin air. The world glides beneath me, and my stomach clenches with every passing meter. Gravity is pulling you down, down with hands so strong that not even the mightiest can resist.

I have never felt so weak.

So \_helpless. \_

"Get me 999!"

"999 don't service in the sky, dumbass!"

Thunder booms outside, wind and slushy rain thuds everywhere else. The heating plunges off, and in a second, everything's cold. Cracks



of ice begin creeping along the insides of the plane.

The normal lights flicker back on for a second, then off again. The scarlet tinge flares, making the plush cushions of the plane seats turn to blood. Dad is frantically trying to call his team, and the flight attendants are telling everyone they've seen this a hundred times before.

By the look on their faces, no one believes them.

So quick. So sudden.

Is the dream going to become something more?

Suddenly, the plane begins to tilt downwards. Screams, shouts, people clinging onto handrails and hands. My chocolate bar slips away, under the next seat along.

Why should that bother me? That one little thing?

It's like looking at myself, I guess. Slipping away. Under the seats. Into the darkness.

Oblivion. It's not so much dying that worries me. It's what dying will be. Who I will be, or become.

I \_can't \_die.

"Help." I croak.

A baby crying. The gale shrieking.

I block my ears, close my eyes. All that's left is the chill. The damp stench of bodies, bustling on one another.

My Dad is still yelling at one of the flight attendants. I crack open my eyes again, just in time to see an old man comes along, telling him to shut his gob. My dad scowls and swears. The old man lifts his arm, molds his hands into tight fists and-

"DAD!" I scream.

"We will be landing shortly." The voice above bleats, "Please return to your seats."

\_Landing? \_

Crashing.

Quick breathing. Rising chests, flailing arms.

"DAD!" He stumbles back towards me, holding his blue shirt to his bleeding nose.

"Are you ok?" I ask.

"Fine." He whispers, smiling slightly. "You, lass?"

"I-" I want to be brave. I want to be strong. But instead, I give up. Completely. Utterly. I bury myself into my father's shirt, wringing

my fingers out on the crusting blood. Underneath, though, I can feel his heart thumping, like it always has. The warmth radiating from his chest. He's always kept me safe, never let me down. Whenever I was here, with him, I felt invincible. Like nothing could stand in our way.

But now, I know the truth. It freezes me, deep inside.

In one moment, the plane flings itself forward- everything rises to another level. New screams. New pleas. No hope.

I push it all away. Focus on the soft beating of Dad's heart, the itching cold, the smooth waves of red light washing over all. If I am going to die, I want to choose my last moments. I want to choose them carefully.

Then, suddenly, the plane touches something, and the feeling of falling ceases to exist. Like someone's pouring metal down my throat, and it's slowly solidifying, I feel like I'm in control again. There is land under me. And that is all I need.

Is it land? Or is it sea?

The wheels screech furiously, above the thrash of rain and everything else. Unable to keep it in any longer, I howl, sobbing great tearful breaths. I just want it to be \_okay. \_Is that too much to ask?

Then, silence.

And in that instant, I know I am dead.

Silence.

"Merida. Merida, look."

Breathing deeply, I open my eyes. Heaven awaits.

Only, it's not heaven I awake to.

"Have weâ€¦ have we landed?"

"Yes, lass. I think we have."

The silence carries on for a moment- ripples settling in a pond. It's a beautiful, disbelieving stillness. No one moves, for a moment. Then a humongous howling gust of wind reminds us why we're so relieved in the first place.

"GET OUT! EVERYONE OUT!"

The doors steam open with a hiss, and a bellowing surge of wind rushes through the plane. I'm knocked back by it's pure power, but Dad holds my hand as we struggle towards the exit.

"Come on," He mumbles, "Come ON."

"OUT OUT OUT!" One of the attendants scream.

The hardest part is actually making it \_through \_the door. Cupping our hands round the edges, pulling ourselves to safety. Through the

rain, through the storm.

"QUICK! To the tree cover!"

We're on a beach, although you can hardly tell thrashing sea from inky black sky. A swinging clutch of jungle trees run like a jade river along the beach front, offering a little cover from the wind, out here in the open.

"Merida! Stop goggling! Come \_on\_."

He grabs my hand, yanking me across the wet sand. On other days, I have no doubt this beach would be beautiful. But now, the sand is mud. The trees are teeth. The sky is a bed of jumbled up nails.

"Come ON."

And he pulls me through the trees.

**\*\*As always THANKS FOR READING THIS JIBBERISH! PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE leave a review, i would love to hear what you think of this chapter compared to the old one. Do you think i should have replaced it? Do you think I should not have? Spill ze beans! \*\***

**\*\*Also, is anyone else madly excited about the Maze Runner movie!? I know I am! ;-D\*\***

**\*\*DinoRhino x\*\***

## 6. Hot chocolate is cold?

**\*\*HEEEELLOOO! I'm so sorry, I haven't updated this for AGES! I had this horrid math's test to revise for, and trials to play in, and-oh. Right. The story. \*\***

\_Elsa's POV\_

"Anna," I moan, " The microwaves \_broken." \_

"Wha? \_Broken\_?"

I lean back in the chair, sucking the cool air into the back of my throat. A kind of burning sensation fills my insides- I try to imagine that it is just Jack, or Merida ignoring me. But it feels like something more. Almost like a beast, trying to break free from within.

And it's \_scaring me. \_

So the microwave being broken is the cherry on top.

"Hey," Anna says, fiddling with a few buttons, " The microwaves fine."

"Yeah," I snarl, " And that's why my hot chocolate is like, minus fifty degrees. That microwave is crap, I'm telling you."

She glowers at me, then at the coco. " Give it here."

I extend my hand gradually, and she snatches the frozen mug from my fingers, shoves it in the oven and slams the door shut. " How long?" She asks.

"Three minutes." I say, " On high."

She jams the numbers in, and soon the coco is spinning around gently. A small buzzing noise migrates from the innards of the thing as it supposedly heats up the drink. It certainly \_sounds \_like it's working.

After three minutes, it pops open, and Anna hands me the hot chocolate. " You can't tell me \_that \_isn't hot." She says, blowing cold air on her fingers after she's handed it to me. " Look at my hand! RED!"

Smiling, I take the mug, expecting the familiar feel of warmth to spread through my icy fingertips. But instead-

"Anna, it's frozen."

"Stop messing!"

"Here! Feel it!"

Eyebrows furrowing in frustration, she takes the drink again, and this time, she does look confused. " Your right, " She whispers, " Ice cold."

"See? What do you think it is?"

"Iâ€|" She begins, " I don't know."

A chill descends on the room. My heartbeat slows, and the burning sensation inside my ribs grows, as though it's going to leak out of the cage and flood through my system. I'm just about to ask Anna something when she screeches- "I'VE GOT IT!"

"You have?" I ask, my hopes rising. Maybe I'm not a freak. Maybe this is just all one big weird coincidence. Maybe-

"It's the milk." Anna confirms. " It went of ages ago. Now LET'S GO WATCH SOME TELLY!"

She punches the air in triumph before sprinting out the room. \_The Simpsons \_is on-no doubt an episode we've both seen a million times before. But somehow- as much as I adore the show-I can't make my legs move. I feel stuck.

"ELLLLLSSSAAA! MARGE IS GIVING HOMER A PRREEEPPP TALK!"

Rolling my eyes, I will my limbs to move, sipping my ever-cooling drink as I go. The cold never bothered me anyway, so it isn't that much of a problem.

But still. The coldness of the drink has ruffled me. The feeling I have now is the same feeling I had on the grass, when I woke up Merida. I still don't understand quite what happened, but whatever this strange emotion is, it's not something I'm willing to share.

Now, at least.

Inside the sitting room, a bright fire glows, and Anna lies curled up under her favourite blanket. Stars lie scattered over a hazy black sky, and the moon provides enough light to see the darkening street spread along the horizon. I smile, my eyes closing. Boys don't matter. I'll find another. And Merida will be back in a week or so.

"El, look! Look! Homer was STUPID ENOUGH to turn of ALL THE LIGHTING IN SPRINGFEILD AGAIN. It's like he's brought on an eternal winter!"

I sip the drink again as I slip onto the leather sofa. It melts underneath my body, and honestly, that's all I need. Some support.

"\_Homer Simpson! I can't believe you! Honestly- this is no example to Lisa or Bart!" \_

"\_Hey, it's ok, Mum. I don't want to grow up and sit on my ass all day." \_

"\_Why you little-" \_

The typical scene plays out, but suddenly, a huge red banner appears at the bottom of the screen. Squinting, it reads-

\_Breaking News! Plane Crash Of Britons Travelling To Australia.  
Switch to BBC Now To-\_

"Elsa!"

"Quiet," I hiss, changing the channel as quickly as I can. A fat man with a bald head fills the screen. He sits next to a beautiful lady, and a row of devastating pictures line the background. The lady begins.

"Hello, and welcome. A plane has been confirmed missing after icy storms raged unexpectedly across the sea. It was carrying 234 people, 175 of those being English. Among those missing are Belle Beast, a former university student in London, and Fergus DunBroch, the finder of 'Horrendous'. Him and his daughter were travelling to Australia to show of the prize. Gusts of wind rose strangely from Devon, causing the plane to loose contact. The phenomenon is being worked on by geographers-"

Merida. Merida was on that plane.

And it crashed.

Wind.

Rain.

Snow.

A tiny scream escapes my lips.

The wind came from \_Devon. \_I live in Devon. It's a phenomenon- what

does that mean? Will people come looking? Am I jumping to conclusions?

"ELSA!" Anna screams, " Get of the sofa! Someone's spilled LIQUID NITROGEN!"

I look down, quivering- tendrils of ice leak across the soft leather. But only, I can't feel the cold.

What's \_happening \_to me?

"Get up!" Anna yells. In a flash, she grabs my hand, pulling me upwards, but instantly lets it go. "Ow!" She screams. "OW OW OW!"

Drops of frozen water have formed on the tips of her fingers. The fingers that touched my own.

What \_am \_I?

Did \_I really \_cause the plane to crash?

Am I a monster?

Is Jack ok? My anger was directed at him as well. What about Punzie?

"Elsa," Anna's voice brings me back to the present. " Elsa, what have you done?"

"What have I- Oh." I follow her eyes. Follow them around the room. Through the hall way. Onto the street.

Ice on the walls. Snow on the sofa.

A blizzard outside.

**\*\*Hello again! Congrats for making it through that monstrosity. Honestly, I've been trying to get this right for ages, and it's still pathetic. I can almost guarantee this chapter will be remade, or at least changed \*\*\*\* So, Elsa's just discovering her powers, and yes, I have completely ignored the fact she was born with them and is only discovering them now. Sorry- but this is a AW fanfic, so yep. And basically, her snow and ice was directed at Merida, not Jack, because she didn't know him well enough for her powers to attach to. Same thing with Punzie. Next chapter will be back on Merida's POV, but I really need to lay out the foundations for this story, so again, might be a while. But half term is coming, so lots of free time awaits! \*\***

**\*\*PM me if you're confused, always happy to help! And PLEASE review- if you write stories, you know what it's like to get one! And if you don't, feel free to anyway! \*\*\*\* Spill ze beans! \*\***

**\*\*Thanks again, and hope I didn't disappoint with this evil chapterâ€¦| \*gulp\*\*\***

**\*\*DinoRhino x\*\***

## 7. Into the Undergrowth

**\*\*Hello! I'm soooooo sorry for taking so long and for the result to be something as crappy as this! Yes, this was written on note and yes, I still only have a basic idea of what is going on! As some will know, note on the iPhone has some weird spell checks so anything completely crazy is me not checking thoroughly enough- so yep! Forgive the idiot :-( and enjoy her late night inspired work! \*\***

The first thing I know is the sunlight. It barges into my eyes, stabs my face like knives. I've never known such intense light before.

"Yer awake?"

"Dad?" I say, "Dad, where's mum?"

"Ah, lass. Don't you remember?"

Remember? Remember what? And then- the flames. The rain. The cold.

The crash.

"Is everyone okay? Where are we?"

"Don't worry about anybody else. We're alive." Dad gives me a halfhearted smile. "Now, get up, come on."

I'm stiff, and wet sand sticks to every inch of my aching body. My back stings as I straighten, examining my resting place. Huge palm trees stretch into the sky- I was sleeping in the one place there was no leaves above- the one place that the ground didn't look like a green stained glass window.

The plane lies, broken and smashed. A huge chunk has been eaten from its side. Parts of the plane are so singed and burnt that it looks like mud has been smeared along its side. Stunning waves lap on the beaches shore, sapphires melted and licking the sand.

That's when I see the bodies.

Bloated. Red. Swelling, hunched over, mouths trailing with blood. I take a hasty step back, into Dad. He places hands on my shoulders.

"Hey," he says, "it's alright."

"No." I say. "it's not ok." I spin around, look up into his grave face. "has ANYONE survived?"

"Of course," he says, "in the forest."

Those words. I dash round his side, darting back into the fractures of green and yellow. Looking for the bodies that still move and breathe.

It's not long till I find a little girl, lying face down in the sand. Her back rises with gentle movement. In. Out.

Next, a young man. He rests on a trunk, eyes closed. And then a girl

about my age, her skin smooth and dark like chocolate.

There are more, hidden like pearls in the beach and forest. Enough, I think. Enough that we can survive.

We have survived.

I wake each one with a sharp kick in the legs. Only the children are spared with a flick in the cheek. Some splutter as they wake, some don't stir until later, rubbing their eyes as they are re-entered into the world.

I walk back to the place I found the little girl. Now, she sits cross legged, staring into blank space.

"What's your name?" I say gently, touching her arm.

" Camicazi." She growls, " and get your fingers OFF me."

" God." I say. She stares at me angrily. " Hands off, right!"

She sticks her tongue out at me and pushes herself off the ground. I realise now that she isn't actually THAT young... Just very little. Her hair is completely wild, springing out her skull like a firework of blonde and gold. Her eyes are amazingly blue, but the look she gives me is colder than ice.

I'm about to ask her where her family are when Dad starts shouting for me- and everyone else.

" Come on," I say, " we need to go."

"And what gives you the right to boss me around?" Camicazi snaps. " I think I'll sit here, thank you very much."

"Fine." I growl back. " you do that. I'll come back in a year and see how yer bones are doing."

" I could outlast the lot of you! I don't need you and your fat dad!"

I stare at her for a moment, open mouthed. What have I done? Was it something I said?

" Merida!"

I scrunch up my nose. " Sure you don't want to come?"

" Your name's Merida?"

"Yeah," I say, " what does it matter?"

"As in 'Hiccup' Merida?"

"How did you-"

" I mean 'Viking' Merida. That's what I meant." She gives out a shaking laugh. " Whose Hiccup? Never heard of him."

I look at the short girl again. Really look. Her eyes are shadowed



with dark circles. Her eyebrows are thick and messy. Her lips are undeniably cracked, like mud after its been dry and hot for years. A thin scar runs underneath her chin, and her bones are visible under the skin of her thin arms. Her top is unfitted and far too big. Her jeans- or what's left of them- are ripped and torn unevenly around her ankles. Brackets of scratches lace her shins, like she's been climbing through thorns and wire. Following my eyes, she hastily tries to cover them up, glaring at me whilst she does. But the damage is done. She knows that.

"Come on," I say. " you can't stay here."

This time, she takes my hand.

\* \* \*

><p>The campfire spits out hot sparks of gold and orange. It shudders and warbles with yellow light, and Camicazi traces her fingers in and out of the flame. When she sees me watching, she quickly looks away and shoves her hands in those oversized pockets. Dad raises his voice above the chatter- we've gathered around. The ones that are left.<p>

"Let's asses what we know," dad says. " how many of us are there?"

The dark skinned girl points to each of us in Turn, counting as she goes.

"One," she says, in a distinctive American accent, " two..."

It turns out, there are twenty in total, out of the first 110. I don't know how some died- we seemed ok when we landed. But I do know I blanked out. Anything could've happened when I was gone. I'm not sure I want to know what.

" 20. That's enough," Dad says, " safety in numbers. I say we take a vote. Who thinks we should stay here and build a... Hut?"

" BORING." Camicazi drawls. " What else?"

" We could go hunting." I suggest. Camicazi nods her head viciously.

" Too dangerous." Says the girl, " How about exploring?"

" Who are you, anyway?" Camicazi demands.

The girl laughs softly- she's very pretty. Dimples form on her cheeks as she giggles, and her eyes are soft and strong.

" I'm Tiana." She says.

" Well, Tiana." Dad says, " I like your idea. We could look for food, too."

" Great idea! Cooking's just ma thing!"

Camicazi rolls her eyes.

"Wait," says another. He has a squint, askew glasses and jet black curls of hair. Arms like spaghetti- tick. Legs like twigs- tick. A weakling is in the building!

"can't someone stay and build? Some of us might not be so good at... Running."

" And what's your name, young man?" Dad scowls.

"Fishlegs!" Camicazi giggles "has to be! I mean, look at him!"

"Hey- wait-" the boy begins. A faint blush grows on his cheeks, and I can't hold back a chuckle when his already wonky glasses fall further of his nose.

" Great idea, Cami!" I say, " Fishlegs it is!"

" Merida, lass," I think Dad is going to reprimand me for a moment, but then he just laughs and shakes his head. "Fine, Fishlegs, me boy. You stay with the other children. The rest of us... Lets go."

It's kind of stupid. People DIED. Yet in moments, we've elected a leader and are walking out into the unknown. We've already pushed away the thoughts of the lost. And then-

" Camicazi," I say, as we get up, " where are your parents?"

She brushes her arm off, and looks up at me.

" Back home."

" Then why are- why are you here?"

"The same reason you're here." She says. " Hiccup."

" What do you know?"

"Nothing." She averts her eyes to the ground, and begins to follow my father into the undergrowth. Her feet are small too, and her boots are worn. She doesn't look at me when she finishes her sentence. I think she's embarrassed. Embarrassed about whatever she's done. Acting on so little. Looking for so much more.

" I know nothing," she repeats. "That's the whole point."

\*\*So how many mistakes can you find? About a trillion? Anyhow thanks to any reviewing or following or favouriting! THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU! \*\*

\*\*Oh, and Fishlegs as in book version. I think I might love the books more than the movie- which one do you prefer? Camicazi is SOO cool! \*\*

\*\*Sorry. Inner fangirl unleashed. \*\*

\*\*Thanks again for reading this and please leave a review if you have the time! Do you like it? Do you not? Spill ze beans! \*\*

\*\*DinoRhino x :-DDD\*\*

## 8. BEAR!

**\*\*Hello! This is the next chapter! Hope you like it-it's not great but never mind! :-D\*\***

I think a lot about what Camicazi said- one moment, it seems ridiculous. The next, it makes complete sense. She's looking for answers. That's why she's here.

But did she run away from her parents? Surely she would need some evidence to act, to run away from home. Or does she have family at all? I remember the state of her clothes. The filthiness of her body. The grime on her teeth. Maybe she doesn't have a mother or father to run away from.

"Forward!" Dad yells, "Come on, don't fall back!"

I used to run for the school in cross country. I loved the burn on my legs, the scream on my ligaments. The strong pulsing of my heart obliterating everything else.

This is the hardest run I've ever done. Trees claw at my jeans and jumper, branches and thorns tug at my hair. The running becomes ceaseless and drowning. Each movement becomes second nature. The sky turns from a light blue to a strong, bold aquamarine. I almost see the sun rise; golden and white and orange. Sometimes, it hides behind spits of white clouds. Quickly, they turn to embers. The heat becomes relentless. The cold I felt earlier is gone.

I try to count the miles. One. Two.

By the fourth, even I begin to tire. It feels like somethings squeezing my calves with angry hands. My knees feel as if they're going to snap, my breath thick and quick. Hair dances in front of my eyes like flames, but it feels heavy like string. My arms are too weak to push everything out the way.

"Stop!" Someone screams in front of me.

Dad whips round, his face redder than a cherry, his eyes burnt and hot.

"Stop?" He growls.

"Stop! Lets rest!"

I look round to see who's speaking- it's the young man I saw resting by the tree.

"What's your name, lad?" Dad asks. He stomps closer. He was running at the front, and as he walks towards the man, it's like he's Moses or something. I've never thought him that imposing, but I suppose I wouldn't. He's my father.

But to others... People jump out of his way like he's got an illness. He doesn't even need to say a pardon, as he storms towards the poor guy. His huge hands tremble at his sides.

"What's your name, lad?" Father barks.

"Kristoff," He whispers.

"You think we should rest? You think we are weak?"

"No-I-"

"Weak? Is that what we are? Say it! Say it boy!"

"Please,I-"

"What? Spit it out! Come on!"

Kristoff is about to retort again, but his face suddenly changes. A hardness floods his warm brown eyes, and he takes a step closer to Dad. They are eye to eye- one, a cool anger, the other, furious and sweating.

"We need rest." Kristoff says in a low voice, "You're a idiot if you can't see that."

Dad fumes. "Your an idiot to think we'll ever be safe in this death trap!" He growls.

"Death trap?" Kristoff challenges. "There's no evidence that this place is dangerous."

"I agree," says Tiana. She stands behind me, but now comes forward. "We should rest."

I agree too. But I don't say anything. I'm not sure why. Respect. Terror. I guess a part of me still agrees with Dad- we don't know what's on this island. We have no idea what could jump out of the bushes when we turn out backs.

"Rest," Dad says eventually, "Your right. Fine." He shakes his head before addressing the rest of us. "REST!" He shouts. "Rest for ten, and then we go!"

I feel Camicazi's body collapse beside me, and it's not long till I follow. I haven't paid much attention to anything else but the run, the pound of feet, the thumping in my head, but now I rest, everything comes crumbling down. Exhaustion cracks my skull, and a sore squeezing I felt earlier just intensifies. I have to hold back a yelp of pain as I move slightly, tempting my body into a more comfy position on the dry, leaf paved ground.

"You look horrible,"

"Say's you."

"I look good whatever. You, however, might need to work on..." Camicazi stops to consider, and then just points to my whole body, smiling faintly.

"But you just gestured to all of me!" I protest. The words sound strange, like they're not quite mine. Like I've stolen them out of someone else's mouth.

"Hiccup," Camicazi whispers.

A tug in my chest. A twinge in my heart.

Hiccup.

Someone laughs at some stupid joke, and I hear Dad chuckle before a sharp slap rings through the air. More laughter.

I roll my head back and close my eyes. Rest. That's what I need.

A boy's face swims into mind. Short tawny hair. Bright green eyes.

"What was that?"

The camp suddenly goes quiet, but I keep my eyes closed. I'm so tired. It would do me so much good to just stay here-sleep-

"There it is. Did you hear it?"

"Yes, lad. Now keep quiet."

To the right of us, there's a rustle. The sound of an animal, sniffing the undergrowth. Can only I hear the thud of paws on the crackling ground?

"Is that a... Bear?"

My eyes open at that.

"Bears don't live in Australia!"

"This isn't Australia!"

"SHHH."

"There it is! Didn't you hear it?"

"I heard it, Remmy. Now shut up."

Silence. My breathing seems loud, in comparison to the stillness of the forest. Quiet. The snap of a twig and-

"BEAR!"

The thing leaps through the undergrowth, head first, rampaging into the first body it finds. The boy is flicked aside by its mighty jaws as easily as I might flick a pea off the table.

Slowly, I get up, not wanting to attract attention. The thing is about seven meters from where I was sitting. It could be on me in moments. Every instinct screams RUN. But I force myself to gradually rise, place one foot slowly in front of the other. If I just make it into the undergrowth...

And then I see her.

"Cami," I whisper, "Cami, come on."

She's staring up at the bear, her legs still crossed. Why she's

frozen, I don't know. Terror? Disbelief?

"CAMICAZI." I hiss.

Still, she doesn't move.

"For Christ sake," I mutter. How has the bear not noticed her, I'll never know.

Then, it does. The movements almost in slow motion. It's paws rotate, the muzzle lifts up to sniff the air. It's black, glittering eyes see her through the foliage.

One step. Two.

And then it charges.

I barely have time to register the streak of black as it flies through the air, making heavy thudding sounds as it pounds the earth.

"Cami!" I scream. And then I realise she is no longer here.

A dart. A quick quiver of blonde, sprinting away. At the last moment, she snapped out of it.

Now? The chase is on.

The bear disappears after her, faster and more agile than any human could be.

"Camicazi!" I yell, "CAMICAZI!"

The pair are gone in seconds.

A lump rises in my throat. The young girl I met this morning? She's dead. Has to be dead.

So why do I wait?

Dad has run off with the others- I know he'll remember me and come back in a moment. I'm not lost. I'm completely safe. Why put myself in danger? I could get killed.

But I don't move.

Camicazi isn't dead yet. She could still survive.

With a heavy breath, I follow her footsteps into the wood.

\* \* \*

><p>Pound. Pound. Pound. My feet eat up the ground- clump after clump of grass and grit, hurtle after hurtle over fallen trees. Once or twice I lose my footing whilst sprinting down a hill. Scrapes and scratches come to my body like flies to sugar. But I do not stop.<p>

I don't know what I'm looking for, or what I'm hoping to find at the end. The dreaming aspect of my mind says I'll find the bear, dead

next to a living, breathing girl. The realistic aspect- no. I'll give up running if I think too much about THAT.

Suddenly, a ear shattering roar rocks through the forest. A kind of loudness that shakes the trees, causes ripples in stillness. The kind of sound that means something is happening.

And followed by that is the yell of a child. Like a awful melody, the deep tumbling of the bear mixed with the high notes- I nearly block my ears. But they sound close. If there is any chance that Cami will survive... I need to find them now.

I smell the blood before I see it. A coppery smell, like festering metal, wet and smooth. Then I see it, dotted on the ground, covering the leaves and resting on the rocks. Each step becomes harder to take, each breath quicker. My chest rises and falls more with every passing moment.

But it's not the blood, in the end, that makes me scream. No. Not the blood.

It is the body.

\* \* \*

><p>"Merida!"<p>

"How did you-" I begin, " Is it alive?"

"No," she says. "At least I think so." She laughs shakily. "That bear would be a BOSS if it was still alive."

She's right. It's skin is mauled with long claw like marks. Flabby chunks of flesh gape out a hole in its back. Even it's stomach is split open. Like octopus tentacles, the guts make a confusing pattern on the floor, trailing over each other with seamless, slippery grace.

"You did this? How?"

"It wasn't me." She says, "I was running. And then the bear was behind me and I have the TINEST yelp when this huge thing came from the sky. It was like-"

"A dragon." I whisper.

"Yes," she says quietly.

A moments silence. And then-

"Carry on." I grunt.

"So then it just like- it killed the bear! And I was running because, you know, I'm smart and all. I wanted a head start on whatever creature won so I could stab it when it wasn't looking."

"With what?" I ask.

She rolls her eyes. " my nails? DUH. Anyway, I saw the dragon thing fly away and the bear was chasing me again, before it collapsed." She

indicates to the body on the floor. " And now? It's dead."

"Where did the dragon go?"

"I don't know if it really WAS a dragon, you know. It was really black and had these WIERD teeth. Like upside down 'U's' "

"Camicazi. Where is it NOW?"

"How am I supposed to know?"

"I need to find my dad," I say. " we have to warn him."

"Wait," Camicazi says, "he isn't WITH you? I thought he would be watching over his little princess!"

"No," I hiss. " he isn't with me."

"Well, it was brave of you to come alone." She admits, " AND stupid."

"More stupid than brave. I mean, what an idiot! I didn't realise I'd have to talk to CAMICAZI."

"Hey!"

"Now I'm in big trouble, stuck with ye useless little brat. I mean, how are we gunnu find shelter?"

"I'm a master escape artist," she says modestly, " I'll get us out of here in a giffy. First- a beach!"

"Beach?"

"It's an island, right? When we find the beach, we just need to walk around the edge. Eventually, we find the plane wreck."

"And my dad."

She nods. "And your dad."

"So. Which way is the beach?"

She rolls her eyes. "Hear that?" She says. I listen closely. Now the bears roars are out the way, the forest is filled with a multitude of sounds. Before, it was black and white. Two sounds over the rest. Now, a blend. A rainbow of squeaks and whistles and rumbles. The bleat of a cricket and the squawk of a parrot. The yell of a monkey and the buzzing of a fly. Underneath it all, like the page of a drawing, in the soft murmur if the sea, brushing the shore with briny fingers. It sounds like its-

"Straight in front of us," Camicazi gloats, "Now you really are an idiot."

I give her a glare as she trots towards the ocean like a dog who has found a golden frisbee. A small smile tugs up the corners of my lips as I follow.

The leaves separate with ease, the sea swimming into view. I gasp



when I see the stretch of faultless ocean, stretching out into the horizon.

And then.

And then.

The hull. The waves. The groaning. The peeling paint, the golden glow of the sun on the white material that covers the body.

The body of a hundreds.

The body of hopes, and dreams.

The body of a boy. A boy named Hiccup.

The ship. The ship that the boy is on. He is somewhere within this deflating monster, frozen inside.

"Oh my god," Camicazi whispers.

"I know." I say. The ship must have crashed. How many people were inside? How many of them are...dead?

"No, you don't understand. Don't you get it? The powers off!"

I stare at her in disbelief. "So? People are de-"

"So," she interrupts, panic glowing in her eyes, "Hiccup. The only reason he's still frozen is that the vents on the ship were cooling him down. Now?"

"Oh," I say. Realisation dawns. "I see."

There was a boy inside the ice.

He is not frozen anymore.

\*\*You know when you write something and it feels like your on a roll? And then you read it over and it's... how do I say it? Fast paced. Confusing. Too much action and far too dramatised. \*\*

\*\*Sound familiar? \*\*

\*\*I'm sorry. My writing's pretty bad at the moment-so many tests! But I really wanted to publish this, because I've finally decided on my story line! Please put any criticism in the reviews. Or... if you somehow...liked this \*gasp\* please leave that in the reviews too!  
\*\*

\*\*Thanks to everyone who has favourited or reviewed or followed or even VIEWD this story. A special thanks to these reviewers:  
\*\*

\*\*Aligator, Thematchmakersdaughter, Waveringshadow, Momijifan Low-Ki, Merricupdunbroch, Aithnea, TheChickWithTheAwesomeUsername, FireFlames2018, InkHeartStains (You did amazingly well in the math's test!), 9, Kat, A Simple Cup and LibbieLies and of course all the guest reviewers as well!\*\*

**\*\*DinoRhino x\*\***

**\*\*Also, to explain:** They were exploring the island when Kristoff (Frozen) decided rest was needed. A bear attacked them when they were resting and Camicazi ran away. The bear chased after her, and Merida decided to follow (Brave, right?!). She found the bear dead by Camicazi. Cami claimed a dragon had attacked the bear, killing it. Deciding they needed to warn the rest of the group, they find a close by beach, aiming to find Fergus again. But they find the ship Hiccup was travelling on, crashed and out of power! **\*\***

9. Jelsa was bound to happen at some point

**\*\* Hello!** Here is a brand new chapter, from Elsa's POV. Recap: Last we saw of her, she was freezing her house and just discovering her powers. Yes, I know she has them all the time in the movie... but meh. This is an A.W if I ever read one. It's quite long, so I'd fetch a cup of tea and a mince pie before starting. **\*\***

**\*\*Elsa's P.O.V\*\***

The cell should be cold. I know. The freezing winter gust should be slithering through the grate; the black stone floor is uneven and jagged- perfect for shivering toes. Even the bed, which is strapped to the wall, has thin, uninviting sheets. Ideal for the chill to seep through. Yet the only thing I can feel is the hot panic, the heat. The only thing I can feel, as I wake, is anger.

I'm in a cell. I'm waking up in a cell. On a prison bed.

What have I done? Where's Anna?

A small scream escapes my lips. What did I do? A jerking movement in my stomach makes me lurch over. A pang of sickly pain quivers down my throat. The mattress bends. It bends like I'm made of white marble. I might as well be. I can feel every painful inch of me like I'm a hundred pounds.

White. That's all I can remember. After I saw the blizzard I- I what? Fainted? Got knocked out? What happened?

But now. A cell. What did I reveal? What did I not?

I'm not even sure what I know myself. Do I haveâ€| the notion seems ridiculousâ€| powers? Do I \_really\_?

And what's happening to Merida?

Suddenly, a loud bang interrupts my train of thoughts. A boy walks quickly in through the door at the far end of the room. He has his hands tucked into a deep grey hoodie, and shocks of silver hair dart out from his hood. He's almost jogging, but supports a slight limp to his left. But it's both his feet that are bare. He's looking down, so I can only see the strong bridge of his pale white nose, and the glimmer in those bright blue eyes.

"What are YOU doing here?"

At first, he doesn't reply, just continues walking towards me. His

feet ring out loud and clear on the tiles. Another prisoner shouts out something, and Jack glares down at them with steely eyes. Instantly, the room is quiet again.

"Answer me." I hiss. "Or get out."

"Elsa," He says quietly, under his breath. " Please, we need to speak."

He's right by my cell now, next to the bars. His head is still tilted downwards. Shadows drip off him like thick, dark water.

There are so many things I want to say. I want to shout at him. I want to scream at him. I want to ask him why he kissed Rapunzel. Somehow, I don't think it was the other way round.

But most of all, I want to know why he's here.

"Fine. What do you want to talk about?" My voice sounds smaller than I thought it would.

He rubs a hand across his face. "Come closer. We need to speak in private."

"How'd you get in here, anyway?"

"\_Elsa\_."

I sigh, hopping off the bed. The fabric of my trousers falls around my ankles, a luminous orange that I still can't quite believe I'm wearing. What happened to me whilst I was out? What did I \_do\_? Why am I here, in prison? I haven't even had a trial.

And where's Anna?

Jack reaches through the bars with those skinny fingers of his. Piano fingers. An artist's fingers.

I take his grip, even though every inch of me screams \_no\_.

"What is it, Jack?"

"I know what your going through, Elsa. Really, I do. Look. Look at our fingers."

I do, my shivering ones laced with his, strong and firm. Ice starts to creep over my wrist, wrapping round my arm like a snake, or a ribbon. It reaches up to my elbow before I try yank myself loose, only to find I can't. The ice interlocks me with him. We're held together by a knot of glittering silver ice. Snowflake-like patterns trail around his body too. A childish grin spreads across his face.

"I knew it. I \_knew \_it\_."

"Knew what?" I ask.

"Oh Elsa," He whispers, "I'm so sorry."

"What do you-"

"We need to get out of here before they find out."

"Find out what, Jack? Why am I here?"

"You don't know?"

I let out a giddy laugh. " Something to do with \_this\_" I indicate to the pole of ice that is our joined arms.

"Well, yes. And no."

"Jack, what's going \_on\_"

"Think of your sister. Quick. Then we can get going."

"Jack-"

"Just do it, Elsa. Then I'll explain."

So I do. I think of the way she used to wear two plaits to school each day, and the way she eats the crusts of pizza before everything else. I think of her lopsided smile and her glowing cheeks. I think of her adorable dorkiness, and the way she eats anything as long as it's brown and looks vaguely like something out of Thornton's. And finally, I think of the last moment I saw her. The terror in her eyes as she touched my fingers, her mouth dropping open as she saw the outside. I miss her. If Jack could visit me, why doesn't she? Where are Mum and Dad?

Love swells in my heart, craving for their presence. The stiff feeling in my arm recedes, and I find myself looking down at a dripping wet set of fingers and palms. Jack's face is a grimace as he stands.

Did I justâ€¦melt the ice?

"I'd get out the way." He says.

I take a step backwards before he grabs the bars and closes his eyes. A nerve vibrates across his forehead. His eyebrows crease in concentration. A string of white creeps up the iron, glimmering in the musty, damp light. Is Jack freezing the metal?

And in a moment, the bars are shattered.

Jack runs into the cell and grabs my arm. I'm still staring at the fragments of bars littering the floor. He \_froze \_them. \_Shattered \_them. I must be dreaming.

"Quick! Follow me!"

He tugs me out of my cell, but still my legs refuse to move. Jack tugs a little harder.

"Come on, Elsa." He whispers, " I'll explain on the way."

Finally, I will my feet to walk. And then run. I'm dashing down the hallway, ignoring the screams of the other inmates. He shoves open the door with his hip and dashes through the next corridor. A lady in

dirty orange overalls screams at me to help her escape. A young man glowers at me.

Jack senses my glance. "If you want to help them," He says, " Then freeze the bars. But quick. We don't have much time."

"No," I say, " I'm coming." The other inmates aren't like me. They've done something. Or at least they \_know\_ what they've done.

A high yell sounds from the next aisle along. Jack stops. Breathes.

"This way." He murmurs.

He sprints down a different passage to the right. As soon as we turn the corner, footsteps ring out. A guard shouts something.

"They're coming." I whisper frantically. If we'd turned that corner a moment late than we did, they would've seen us.

"Yeah. So we need to get out of h-"

A ridiculous sound starts droning above us. Long, low yells like an animal in pain.

"Is that-"

"An alarm? Yes." Jack surveys our surroundings again. "They'll get us if we exit the way I planned. We need to go up."

I shake my head. I must've misheard. "Up?"

"Up." He nods. " I need you to break through the roof, while I concentrate onâ€¦flying."

I can't help but gasp. "Flying? You're insane. No."

"Grab my arm."

"Did you hear me? NO. Your crazy."

"Elsa, NOW." He makes a lunge for my wrist.

I take a step backwards. "Get away from me, Jack."

"Listen. You and I- we have powers. You've gathered that much, I take it."

"Yes- No- Iâ€¦"

"Grab my arm, Elsa. I'm not crazy and neither are you. But we have to get out of here. Ok?" He smiles. " Please. Just grab my-"

"Arm. I know."

His eyes soften even more. "After we get out of here, I'll explain what happened with Rapunzel. I-"

"It doesn't matter." I snatch his wrist. " Now, how do I break the roof?"

"That's my girl."

I look up at him. "I'm not your girl."

He ignores my comment. "Imagine a bullet smashing into the ceiling. Imagine a bulldozer coming out of your fingertips. Imagine-"

The alarm gets louder. I lift up a free hand to cover my ear.

"Quick," Jack urges. "Now."

My fingers start to tingle and I raise my arm. Closing my eyes, I think of a flurrying fleet of arrows, bursting from my palm. I think about the roof exploding into a trillion pieces.

Nothing works.

I think about lightning hitting the prison, breaking it apart. I think about dagger's pouring from the clouds instead of rain.

Still, nothing.

"Elsa. NOW."

"I'm trying!" I shout in frustration. " Give me a minute!"

"Down here! I heard something!"

"\_Elsa\_." Jack groans.

More footsteps, and the yelp of dogs. I open my eyes to see a beam of yellow light, skittering and searching among the darkness for us. They're getting closer.

"Focus."

"I can't!"

"Then look at me." He whispers. " Focus on \_me\_."

"Jack, I-"

"Do it."

I breath deeply, biting my lip. He watches me with fierce intensity, and my clutch on his arm grows stronger. Everything drowns, except the gleam on his bright blue eyes, except for the shimmering strands of silver under his hood. My fingers start to sting.

"I found them! They're here!"

More footsteps. I'm about to turn, to see, to sprint-

"Focus. Don't look away."

"I'm scared."

"My face, Elsa. Just look at my face."

My fingers are burning now, pulsing, like something is trying to break through the skin. Should I let it?

"Let it go." Jack murmurs. He leans even closer, so his lips are inches from mine.

And so I do. I let it go.

A burst of white light shoots out my hand, smashing into the roof, shattering it in seconds. Jack jumps off the ground, and I think for a moment that that's all. But then, we're going higher and higher, the ground receding. I gasp, seeing how close the guards were to catching us. A circle of them are gathered around the ground we just left.

The ground we are leaving.

My grasp falters. I start to slip.

"Tighter, Elsa. I didn't mean let \_me \_go."

Jack bursts out of the hole in the roof, and we're sailing upwards. The cold, fresh air fills my lungs instantly. It's nighttime. Above us, stars. Below us, tiny rivers of gold as cars zip down motorways. Green rolling hills, like pillows dropped by God in random places.

We're \_flying. \_Really \_flying. \_

I laugh giddily, forgetting to hold on again. My grip wavers, and for a moment I'm falling- my fingers scramble for his hand. Instantly, my muscles clench and groan. I'm strong, but not that strong.

"Jack," I whisper, " I can't hold on much longerâ€|"

"Oh, right." He says, only half listening. He's staring at the yellow moon, high above us. It looks like a car's headlamp, bright and shining through the dusky darkness of night.

"Jackâ€|"

"Yeah. Right."

He flies to the right for a while before dropping like a stone onto the top of a tree. The wind makes a \_whoosh \_sound in my ears as we descend, and for a second, I think he won't stop, and we'll just get tangled in the branches. But then he does. And we land.

The branches make excellent seats. The bark here is soft and smooth, so I'm more likely to slip than scratch myself. The tree glows a ghostly white. I think it's some kind of birch. Jack gets himself comfy before he looks at me.

"So?" He says, making a questioning movement with his hands, " What do you want to know?"

"Do I haveâ€|powers?"

"Obviously."

"Do you have powers?"

"Duh."

"How long have you had them?"

"As long as I can remember."

"Are we going to get arrested?"

"Probably."

"Why did you save me?"

"Becauseâ€¦ it's hard to explain."

"Tell me."

"You won't understand."

"Bet I will."

He rolls his eyes. "Fine. But promise you won't think I'm crazy?"

I shrug. "The day's been about as crazy as a day can get already. You seemed like a normal boy ten minutes ago."

"Ok. Well, I've been having theseâ€¦ visionsâ€¦"

"Visions? Of what? Me?"

"Yes."

The surprise must show on my face. And the disgust.

"What kind of visions?" I ask warily.

"Nothing like that. Actually- what are you thinking of?"

I scrunch up my nose. "What are YOU thinking of?"

"What are YOU thinking of?"

"What are YOU thinking of?"

"What are YOU thin-"

"FINE! I was worried I'd be NAKED."

"Naked?" A smile spreads across his cheeks. "Seriously?"

"You weren't?"

"No. Jeez, Elsa. I might be into you, but not THAT much."

"Your into me?"

"What! No!"



"You just said you were!"

Color rises in his cheeks. "No I didn't."

"Uh, yeah you did."

"Fine! So what if I did?"

"You kissed Rapunzel! You can't be into me, then be invited on a date BY ME and then kiss the third wheel!"

"Ah, yes, well-"

"What?"

"That's where the visions come in."

"Oh yeah." I snort, " The visions."

"Yeah, Elsa. Since you sat next to me in geography, I've had theseâ€¦ flashes of you and me. They happen in everyday life. You know, I'll be walking down the street with my friend's and- BAM! This full, life sized, color version of you and me in this fantasy kingdom. Of course, at the start, I wasn't that scared. I mean, I have POWERS. This was a minor thing compared to that. But it was hella annoying, to start having a random flashback thing. Well, not even that. It was you and me, only we were a king and a queen."

"Married?" I gulp.

"Yes. And we both had powers. At this point, I had no idea that you did. Have powers, I mean. So I started paying extra special attention to you. Watched your every move. Anything suspicious? No. You were just a very ordinary girl."

The word ordinary makes my heart sink.

"I mean, you were beautiful and funny and clever- but you weren't like me. And you certainly weren't having any seizures."

But then I began to get scared. Of the dreams. Of the visions. They were like nightmares. I began to resent you, because you were all that came to me. So when you asked me on a date-

"You tried to push me away."

"Yes. Because I thought if you hated me, or if you avoided me, the visions and my craving for you would stop. Wait. What did I say?"

"Craving?" I laugh. "Shut up."

He blushes so badly that his cheeks go purple. "Gladly."

"No," I giggle, " I still need answers."

"I've just told you I've got visions of you as a queen in a medieval castle, and you still want answers? About what?"

"Why was I in prison? Where's Anna?"

His eyes darken. "Oh. I see. Can't I tell you later?"

"No." I say, "Please. Now."

"Elsa, I really think it'd be a great idea to wait for morning."

"No, Jack. Where is Anna? Where is my mother? Where is my father?"

"It wasn't your fault. At the start, I couldn't control my powers, either."

"What wasn't my fault?"

"It happens to nearly everyone. I nearly blew up a whole row of garden gnomes when I was testing out my strength."

"What happens to everyone?"

"They loved you very much. They still do, wherever they are."

My breath comes out short. "Jack?" I whisper. "What are you saying?"

He closes his eyes and turns away. "Leave it for the morning, Elsa."

"They loved me? As in past tense? Where are they now? What happened? Jack!" He still keeps his head turned away. I reach for his shoulder to twist him round, but then stop. What if I freeze him? What if I push his shoulder and he falls from the tree? What if he looks at me with fear, like Anna did?

Something bristles inside of me, a mixture of panic and terror. It burns through my skin, fogs up my eyes. Suddenly, nothing matters any more except the words from his mouth. I need to know.

"JACK!" I shout, "ANSWER ME!"

He still doesn't turn. Suddenly, the world plunges into darkness. I crane my neck, looking up.

A cloud, thick and long and shaded, has rolled over the moon.

Then, snow. It falls fast and evenly, as if a sheet of paper has been dropped from the sky, and now it is wrapping us up. The snowflakes land on my nose and ears and lips. Little cold, delicate, droplets of white fire.

The world turns black and white.

"Jack," I whisper. My lips are wet with warm, dense droplets. I hadn't realized I was crying. "Please."

He sighs. A long, low, dark sound. His eyes, his beautiful eyes, glitter with tears as he faces me. Raises his eyebrows. Brings both hands forward, so he can grip my wrists. He lifts himself slightly of the ground, so he's hovering inches from the tree. He is suspended in

a cage of white claws and dark nights. He is almost glowing blue, like a sincere angel sent to save me from my doom.

His face is inches above mine, when he whispers, "Elsa. I'm sorry. They're dead."

**\*\*Ok! Phew! So, summary. Elsa woke up in a cell, and Jack broke her out. He flew her to a tree, and they had a little chat. Anna and co. are supposedly dead. But why? How? What did Elsa do to become in prisoned? Did SHE kill them? And what the hell are those visions Jack was talking about? All will be explained in future chapters.\*\***

**\*\*Jack was born with the powers in this. He's not a guardian. Now, before you come at me with pitchforks, I can explain. I've only seen ROTG once, and that was at a friend's house. I read over the summary on Wiki, but I still feel a bit uneasy with what happened. I don't want to misportray his backstory. And this is a HTTYD Brave crossover section, so I don't think it's really that essential. Right?\*\***

**\*\*As always, PM me if you're confused. I'm always SUPER happy to help. And please review, fave, follow. I'm so grateful to everyone who already has! It literally puts me on a high all day if someone reviews, even just saying-\_hope you do better next time.\_\*\***

**\*\*But one more thing. It really bugs me if someone unfavorites without telling me why. I'm not being all sassy here, but I really want to improve this story in any way that I can. So before anyone unfavorites me again, which is bound to happen, can you please just tell me why? I honestly don't mind if you do. Unfavorite, I mean. I want to know how I can improve this, that's all. \*\***

**\*\*Alright. Strop over! Sorry :-( Next chapter will be back with Merida and Cami. \*\***

**\*\*Thanks! And thanks again!\*\***

**\*\*(A special thanks to The Girl With Fire for helping me out with that code rubbish! Does anyone else get really peeved off when the chapters get filled up with code for no reason? Or does that just happen to me?)\*\***

**\*\*Soz for this incredibly long A.N,\*\***

**\*\*DinoRhino x\*\***

**\*\*(And if anyone has read Not So Brave Anymore, one of my other stories, I've deleted it, since originally it was basically this story's prologue. But now I've realised that I don't want that to be the prologue. My plot has changed. Completely. So yep, that's disappeared into infinity. Thanks! And merry christmas! \*:-)\*\***

10. We need to get inside!

**\*\*Hello! As some of you may know, I updated this then deleted the chapter an hour afterwards because, well, it was pretty bad. So I went back to the drawing board, and though not much has changed, I added in little bits here and there. So if you've already read this when I updated it before, then no, I wouldn't bother reading it again**

(unless you want to look at the new bits) And if you haven't read this... well, I hope you like it! I really really do! So nervous about posting...\*gulps\* (And if you don't please don't just say you don't. I'd really like it if you told me WHY you don't. I appreciated the review I got recently, that said it was a tiny bit rushed, because it really helped! Thanks and sorry for my endless moaning)\*\*

**\*\*Merida's POV\*\***

Camicazi begins to drag me along, but I grind my feet into the ground. "Cami," I hiss, "Cami, stop. We need to think.

"He's in there, Merida! Our Hiccup! What is there to think about!? He could be injured!" She shakes her head and pulls even harder.

"Hurry!"

"We need to find my Dad," I say. "That's the top priority, right? We can come back for Hiccup later."

She stops at that. "LATER?" She laughs, incredulous. "What's got into you?"

"If what you say is true, and there is a dragon on the island... Well, we need to get to the others first. You know this."

"I don't!" She says in disbelief, "we've found him, Merida! Get that into your head!"

"I have. And I want to look in there just as much as you do. But my Dad is in danger, Cami. I need to find him. Lets just see the lay of the beach. Maybe we'll be able to see the plane crash from here."

"Or maybe they'll be mountains," She says spitefully, "And you'll freeze!"

"We can always hope." I say, "now, come on!"

"I don't take orders," she grunts. "I'm going to just sit here in the sand, thank you very much. And then I'm going to go into that ship the second you and your ridiculous hair is out of sight."

My mouth drops open slightly. "MY ridiculous hair?!"

She nods firmly, then gives a little mocking wave. "See you soon!"

I smile through gritted teeth. "See you too!"

She makes herself comfy on the sand as I walk away. There is a moment that I think she is going to follow me, but instead she just gets up to inspect a close by shell. When she sees me looking, she shouts, "Scared of the wild, are you?!"

I bite my lip and walk a little faster.

The beach curves around the islands waist like a belt. The sea grows ever closer, lapping on the sand. The rhythm of the waves sounds less soothing the further I go. After an hour, it sounds like the thud of a drum.

I walk fast at first, but my legs soon tire. The slower pace makes me think of other times. Better times. \_Without \_Hiccup. Maybe that's why I don't want to go inside the ship. Maybe I don't want things to change more than they already have.

Maybe I'm lying to myself.

I imagine I'm walking by the sea side back in Scotland. I imagine that, to my left, is great billowing masses of amber coloured trees, swooning and swaying in the paling light. I imagine huge hills, filled with heather and feathered with stumps of grass, not tropical rainforest. I imagine the golden white sand underneath my toes is briny silver shingle, and that the sea is ice cold.

But it's all just images.

The sounds stop me from believing I'm back home too. A monkey screeches, the crickets sing. The opera of waves and wind moan together. Soon, my arms begin to get cold, like someone's stroking them with a wet cloth. The essence of a monsoon echoes.

It's after about five hours of walking that I give up. Who knows how the island looks from air? I could be walking for another two days without getting anywhere. And Cami is in more danger than my Father. The thought flares up in my mind, catching fire. Did she REALLY go back in the ship? What if she's been bitten by a snake? Or the dragon got her? Or-I sink to the ground. I was an idiot to leave her.

The sea matches my mood. I scramble forwards on my knees and trail my hand in the dusky water. It's silky and cool to the touch, but not comforting. A gust billows through the trees. A shiver whispers through me.

The waves suddenly get harder and more vicious. White froth begins to appear on the shore. I rush backwards, into the undergrowth. A crack of thunder above me, and clouds grow and clump together. My eyes widen as they soon turn dark blue with rain.

So sudden. The weather's been changing dramatically all day.

What's happening?

Then the wind starts again. It tugs on my shirt, and I gasp as it pushes me to the side. The sea starts moaning and leaping out of its bounds. Water starts trickling from the sky.

A storm. Another storm.

I need to get back to Cami.

\* \* \*

><p>Running was much easier when the sand was dry. Now, with the rain pounding like bullets, it's almost impossible to move, let alone sprint back to her. She MUSN'T go inside the tree coverage. What if something falls and hits her? What if I return to a dead body? My heart jumps a little in my chest.<p>

Behind me, there's a cry of someone unknown beast, and a sickening

thud. I crane my neck round just in time to see a bolt of lightning shoot from the clouds, a quivering ribbon of silver and pure power. I run faster. The sand gulps as my feet pick up pace.

And then a dot appears on the horizon. I let out a relieved breath when I see that the dot has a sopping wet mane of blonde attached to it's head.

"Cami! Cami!" I scream, flailing my arms, trying to attract her attention.

She spots me and waves. "What?" She shouts over the wind.

"The SHIP!" I yell, "Get into THE SHIP!"

"The WHAT?"

"The SHIP!"

"The SH\*T?"

"No! The SHIP!" I sprint towards her. Within moments, I'm looking down at her expectant, yet permanently irritated face. "Don't you think we should go inside?"

"Nah. That's a stupid idea. The sand's safe."

Just as she finishes, another huge bolt of crackling energy shoots from the heavens with violent force, hitting the sand next to us and sending up bursts of sparks.

The ground around it bubbles almost. Doesn't water conduct electricity?

"Ok, maybe the ship \_is \_a better idea."

"Great!" I shout over the wind, "So, how do we get on?"

She looks at me under a cupped hand. "What?"

I lean in closer and yell in her ear, "HOW DO WE GET ON?"

"Oh, uh..." She scratches her head, "Umm."

"You did go on, didn't you?"

"Well..."

>I nearly scream in exasperation. "You were here for a WHOLE DAY and you didn't even go on the ship?"<p>

She bites her lip, "There's no way on!"

My hands ball into angry fists. \_Think. \_

"No way?"

"Parlay?" She gives me an eyebrow.

"NO WAY!" I yell, "IS THERE NO WAY?"

As soon as I finish, a huge bolt of lightning soars from the sky and crashes into the forest. A bang goes off, and instantly the trees burst into flames. I draw back. The forest is on fire. The forest is on fire.

"The forest is on fire," I gulp. "The forest is on fire."

Whatever cool breeze there was has gone. Roasting hot swathes of uncomfortable heat are carried by the wind up our sleeves, down our necks and backs. My face feels like it's burning. Within moments, the situation has gone from bad to awful. Now, not even the pathetic coverage of trees is available. Like it really was in the first place.

"DON'T WORRY!" Camicazi yells, "I'M AN ESCAPE ARTIST! I'LL GET US OUT OF THIS MESS! HOW ABOUT THE SEA?"

My mouth drops open. "HAVE YOU SEEN THE SEA?" I scream. She casts a woeful eye over the ocean. If you could even call it that. More like a frothing mass of crazy waves. She looks at me again.

"SOMETHING ELSE!"

I look back at the fallen vessel, for anything that might help. Mostly, it's just steel sides and unforgiving slopes. A few windows dot the ship's base, but if they could withstand the force of the wreck, our flailing hands and angry fists won't do anything that hasn't already been done. We'd need some other force to break through.

Following my gaze, Cami's eyes widen. "Fire," She says, under her breath. "FIRE! Merida! FIRE!"

"But how do we GET THE FIRE?"

She scans the horizon. Then she scans me. And then she scans the horizon again.

"You don't have a knife?"

"No."

"A bun?"

"Why would a bun help?"

"I said GUN!"

"Why the hell would I have a gun?"

"NO! I'm NOT having fun!"

There's a horrid cracking sound behind us, and we both turn just in time to see a flaming tree fall to the ground. It makes a gurgle as the fire dies on the sand, and then it's only a lump of smoking black charcoal.

"Something POINTY..."

"Something SHARP..."

"BEAR PAWS!" Camicazi yelps.

"BEAR PAWS?"

>"BEAR CLAWS! WE COULD USE THE BEAR CLAWS!"<p>

"Only one problem!" I shout, "They're in the forest! The flaming FOREST!"

She flexes her fingers. "Nothing I can't handle!"

"You WOULDN'T."

She smiles. Put's a hand on my shoulder. Leans in closer, so we're eye to eye. My stomach twists, wondering what she's going to say.

"Don't follow."

She doesn't say it loudly, but I can hear it clear and strong. The wind seems to still for a minute. The world stops spinning. It's just me, and her, trying to figure it out. Contemplating. Predicting. The eye inside the storm.

And then, she let's go of my shoulder and darts into the flames.

I can't stop her. I can't save her. It's her own choice. It's our only hope.

She's going to go and get the bear claws so we can break through into the ship.

Following wouldn't be brave, it would be stupid. And pointless. But that doesn't make me feel any less guilty.

It doesn't lessen the pain when I see her disappear into a collage of gold and orange.

It doesn't help when I hear her scream.

I remember what she said. \_Don't follow. \_

A scream. A crunch echoes through the air, deafening. I grip my stomach, double over onto the sand. The worry becomes a physical thing. Pain.

\_Camicazi. \_

A lightning bolt sizzles through the atmosphere and explodes into a million fragments of sparks, like glass breaking. It's not a metre away from me.

The air smells like singed hair. The clouds rumble and clap up above.

The bear's carcass would be ashes by now.

She will be ashes.

I will be ashes.



And then, like a ray of hope shining through the darkness, a tiny figure starts fighting through the darting embers and fire. In her hands, she holds one long burnt claw.

Camicazi hurtles over a fallen tree, ducks and dives under and over the flickering flames. They change their direction erratically, but she moves quicker. My heart lifts when she rushes out of the undergrowth. Out of the fire.

"Cami," I breath, " Cami!"

She continues running, even when she's on the sand, even when she's safe. She continues running till she barges into me and buries into my chest, heaving huge, great tearful sobs. I lean down and rest my chin on her head.

"Are you ok?"

"Fine," She grunts, "Just something in my...eye..."

"What happened?"

Her shoulder's shake uncontrollably, and I hear her moan in-between the tears. "Cami..." I whisper.

"Let's just get inside," She says.

I nod in agreement. I don't say anything when she draws back, revealing a massive burn on the right side of her head. Black. Her hair isn't there. The girl's eyes are red and puffy. It's as if someone has stuck duck tape onto her face and ripped it off, taking the skin with it, and leaving half the tape behind. It's hard not to gasp; the pain would be terrible. Worse than anything I could imagine. At least now I know why she screamed.

She starts to run towards the window, positioning the claw in the right position to break the glass. My heart shivers when I wonder if this will even actually work. If this is all for nothing.

But her strong little legs propel her forwards, and the claw shoots through the glass, impaling it. She grunts and twists it round, so the area around it shatters too. When almost everything is splintering, she grabs the claw again and pulls it behind her head, bringing it down like an axe onto the window. The sound of the break is louder than the moan of the wind.

Without looking back at me, she dives inside.

\_Hiccup. \_The name invades my head. I push it away. Everything has to change someday. Maybe, this time, the Viking will bring good change. I can hope, at least.

I breath deeply, and shuffle into the ship.

**\*\*A.N\*\***

**\*\*Yep.** Because that makes sense. Origanally they climbed an anchor, but THAT delightful scenario was deleted on terms of it making even less sense than this. I don't know. My brain has crashed and burned.

3 tests that I haven't revised for. 3 IMPORTANT TESTS. Gulp.\*\*

\*\*As always, thanks for reading this baloney. Review, fav, follow. Can we make it 40 follows!? That would be AMAZING! (As in blow of my head and dance around the kitchen amazing whilst reading amazing!) \*\*

\*\*Thanks again,\*\*

\*\*DinoRhino x\*\*

\*\*Explained: Merida went off to look for her dad and came back to Cami because a) there was a a storm and b) she was uncertain about her father's whereabouts anyhow. When she got back the storm was worse and she decides she had to get inside the ship because well...she just did. They had to break a window but they needed something sharp and hot so Camicazi went and got the bear claw. They broke in and that's where we leave it! I will update this rly soon because I really want to write the scene when they \*SPOILER\* FINALLY meet Hiccup. \*\*

## 11. A walk in the Maze

\*\*Helloooo! :-) I know I said that I was going to update this quickly but... I lied. Sorry! I completely MEANT to, but then every spare minute I had was spent revising. \*\*

\*\*Yay. \*\*

\*\*And I didn't even do well in the tests. :-(\*\*

\*\*I only got this done because I'm home sick. So yeah, not my finest hour. But... enjoy?\*\*

Darkness. That's the first thing that comes to mind. Then, the strong, iron like smell of festering blood. A gag rises in my throat, but I fight it down. I need to fight it down.

The last thing I notice is the moaning of the ocean; the groan and wail of the wind, rising above every other sound. Outside, the wind was a part of me, like the sun is part of the sky. It was in my clothes, crawling up my sleeves like snakes. The storm vibrated in my lungs and thrashed in my stomach.

But here, all that's left is the sound. It's a relief to be out of the tempest, sure. But the stillness of the ship's intestines is harrowing, almost too still. Compared to the wildness of the outdoors, this feels empty. Cold.

I walk forwards slowly, finding my feet. Each step rings out, echoing. The only sound is my wet shoes on the hollow metal.

Where is Cami?

"Cami?" I say, voicing my worry.

Nothing.

"Cami?!"

Nothing.

And then.

"Merida... Merida, my face hurts..."

"Where are you?!" I ask, my voice rising, "Cami?"

"Over hereâ€¦!"

"I can't see! Say it a little louder."

"Over HERE."

I fumble around in the darkness for a moment before my foot hits something. That particular something groans loudly, and an angry hand slaps my ankle. "Look where you're going!"

"Camiâ€¦!" I bend down, resting my knees on the floor. "Are you ok?"

"I'm cold," She snaps, "And I'm fine."

"Really?"

"Yes!"

"Your face doesn't hurt anymore?"

"NO." She growls, "I was making it up."

Even though she can't see me, I roll my eyes. Then, without even thinking, I search for her fingers. My mother used to always do that with me when I wasn't feeling well- find my hand and stroke it until I forgot where I was hurting. It was always with the tip of her thumb- over and over and over again. It was like a feather brushing my aching skin.

Camicazi doesn't seem to like it though.

"Get off me!" She yells. "EW! Get off!" She smacks my arm angrily. "I SAID I didn't HURT anymore!"

"Just trying to help." I spit. "But I'll leave her highness by herself."

There's a small bang, and the crackling of working limbs. It sounds as though Cami is straightening up.

"I'm going." She thunders.

"Going where?"

"I'm just walking. Away from you."

"What have I DONE, might I ask?"

No answer, except the sound of receding footsteps. Is she really walking away? In the darkness?

"\_Cami\_,"

"HMPH!"

"You \_know \_we need to stay together."

"Well, then follow me!" I hear irritation spark in her voice. I'm not sure what I've done, but I can tell her anger was created by me.

"Cami, just tell me what I've done."

"NOTHING!"

"Fine, fine." I say coolly. "Fine, I'll follow you."

Although, it's really \_not \_fine. Would it honestly kill her to tell me what's wrong? Would it really be \_that hard\_? I open my mouth to tell hr just that, but the diplomat in me somehow rises up. She'll tell me in her own time, I'm sure of it. I need to give her space, that's all. I can't bite of my nose despite my face.

So I follow her. I don't say anything. The longing to retort drains out of me soon enough.

\* \* \*

><p>The ship sings with the wind. Like some ancient whale, it gurgles and groans at strange, random moments. Each time it speaks, I'm worried it's going to topple over, onto the sand. But each time it speaks, nothing but its mouth moves.<p>

Inside the ship, it's literally a maze. Despite the song of Cami's footsteps guiding me this way and that, I still have to feel my way by touching the walls. Steps are hardest. The absence of ground makes my stomach lurch.

The absence of sunlight makes me worry, too. First, when we'd just broken the window, the grey, damp shine gave things washable shadows. Reality was fading, but life was still tangible.

But now.

Now, I am left in the blackness of night, with only starry footfall to brighten the sky.

How long can we go on like this, loosing ourselves in the maze? And is Hiccup somewhere? Is he even alive?

Another corner.

Another set of steps.

I start to think I see things, in the darkness. Someone crouched on the ground, staring up at me with dead, white eyes. A clenched fist, hovering in the air. Two men, shouting at each other.

But there is nothing. Not really.

"Merida."

My ears perk up. It's the first time Camicazi has spoken in who knows how long.

"What?"

"Listen," She whispers.

"Like I haven't been listening for the last few hours." I snarl. "Can you tell me why you're pissed off with me NOW?"

"Shhâ€|"

"We've been quiet for ages-"

>"Shh! I'm serious, Merida. <em>Listen<em>."

I bite my lip. I don't know what I should be hearing. A bird? More footsteps?

"Did you hear it? Just then!"

"Hear what?"

"You must've done! Listen again!"

"I can't \_hear \_anythingâ€|"

Suddenly, there it is, an underlying current of sound. Soft and smooth and tiny.

Breathing.

Somebody else is breathing.

A shiver creeps up my spine.

"You hear it now?"

"Yes."

"What do we do?"

"Iâ€|I don't know."

"You hear it too, though. It's not just me."

"No, no, I hear it."

"I think we should find the person, don't you?" Camicazi says quietly.

"Yes, I-"

\* \* \*

><p><em>"Hiccup!" <em>

\_"Merida! I can't believe you found me! I'm awesome at hide and seek!"\_

\_I laugh. "Yeah, in your dreams. Hiding behind a tree isn't exactly my definition of 'awesome'." \_

\_"Your just jealous." He quips. \_

\_"Ha! Jealous? Of what?" \_

\_"My undeniable charisma." \_

\_"I don't see how that's related."\_

\_He steps forward, taking my face in his hands. Cold fingers wrap under my chin, and he brings his lips to mine. He tenderly kisses me for a moment, before letting me go. Breathless, I close my eyes for a moment. When I open them, he's gone. \_

\* \* \*

><p>"Merida?"<p>

"What? Where am I?"

"Youâ€| you fell to the floor."

"Hiccup?" I gasp.

"Noâ€| are you ok?"

"Am I okâ€|?" I think for a moment. Am I?

"Merida, it's me. It's Camicazi. I think you fainted."

"Fa...fainted?"

"Yeah. Do you remember now?"

I don't reply. Camicazi sighs.

"Your kinda pathetic. Come on, get up. We're finding out whose breathing whether you like it or not."

Her hands are under my armpits and she grunts, hauling me to my feet. I'm unsteady for a moment- blood rushes in my head, the world spins and dances in darkness.

Then, it slows down, and the ground grinds to a halt.

Camicazi tugs my hand lightly. "This way."

To my surprise, I find I move silently with her, towards the breathing. We walk for a few meters, before something hits my nose.

A door.

Camicazi yelps as she bangs into the door too. A moment passes, and then she hisses, "Do we go through?"

I'm silent for a second. My hand traces along the cool, flat surface. I don't reply till I find what I was searching for.

I push the handle down with all the force I can muster. First, it doesn't budge. But then, I bang my hip on the door. There's a slight, final whimper of resistance, before the entry gives way.

And I stop.

I don't mean I stop walking. I don't mean I stop seeing.

I justâ€¦ stop. My blood stops flowing, my head stops thinking, every atom inside my body freezes and melts at the same time. My eyes cease to blink. My mouth opens, but then goes dry. My feet turn to lead, heavy and immobile.

I stop.

Because, there he is. In the middle of the room, in the middle of the floor.

Hiccup.

A light glows gently on the ceiling, flickering softly. I don't know why it's still on, but it is. He's lying in that magical halo of brightness, legs curled beneath his whispering, fragile body.

Hiccup. My Hiccup.

It's his breath, tainting the air. It's \_his. \_

I've found him, after all these years.

But this time, he wasn't hiding behind a tree.

Camicazi peeks round my shoulder, before gasping loudly. "Hiccup?" She croaks. "Is it you? Hiccupâ€¦ are you alive?"

Under his lids, his eyes flicker.

And still, neither of us move.

There is a paleness to his cheeks I didn't notice before, like the blood has disappeared from his body entirely. His rusty coloured hair sticks to his forehead in licks of auburn flame.

"Meridaâ€¦" He says quietly. "Meridaâ€¦"

Only then does my heart jump back to life.

\*\*Ok. OK. \*\*

\*\*NOT my finest hour! So...much...description! Ahh! And how on EARTH do I write the scene when Merida has one of her 'moments'? SO HARD. Any suggestions are welcome :-)\*\*

\*\*(Sorry, some of those metaphors were pretty far fetched to say the least. My ill mind is spiralling out of control.)\*\*

\*\*THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE REVIEWS! AND FAV'S! AND FOLLOWS! I'm so ridiculously grateful that when I actually GOT to 40 reviews, I screamed (my head DIDN'T explode, thank goodness.) And my Dad, who was sitting next to me at the time, gave me one WEIRD look.  
\*\*

\*\*\_Anyway...\_\*\*

\*\*Thanks for reading, as always :-) Till next time (And sorry for the cliffhangers!) \*\*

\*\*DinoRhino x\*\*

\*\*Ohh, P.S, To 'BigFan' Thanks for reviewing, but in my opinion, Astrid is different to Camicazi. I read a few people's ideas about the true identity of Astrid, and personally, I don't think Astrid is Camicazi at all. Sure, they're dragons have the same name, but Fishleg's dragon in the book is called HorrorCow, and in the movie, his dragon is called Meatlug. I'm not sure name's matter at all. But just my opinion. Thanks again for reviewing! :-))\*\*

\*\*To Elizabeth James Scott, I'm so sorry if this disappointed you! I'd hate it if it did :-( But thanks for saying such lovely things!\*\*

\*\*To WaveringShadow, thanks so much (As always)\*\*

\*\*To Large Owlet- How on EARTH did you find the chemistry EASY?!\*\*

\*\*To TheMatchMakersDaughter- Sorry! I don't mean to leave them on cliffhangers! I really don't!\*\*

\*\*To any other reviews, thank you. My computer is just running out of charge, so I have to leave it there. But THANK YOU!\*\*

End  
file.